

Army Man (“America’s Only Magazine”): The Incomplete Archives

The Employment Counselor

Don’t expect to just waltz in on your first day and be accepted by the other employees of the tanning parlor. Tradition demands an initiation period. The important thing is not to “break” under all the hazing. Let’s say someone whacks your thermos with a tanning wrench, shattering the delicate liner. You may be shocked to find your iced tea full of broken glass, but brother, you’d better just drink it all down. Otherwise, they’ll leave you alone, but they’ll never respect you.

Needed

What this country needs is a good five-cent sports car.

Why I Love America

Why do I love America? Well, maybe “love” is a little strong...I mean, I think it’s a good country. Definitely. But a lot of that is ‘cause I was born here, and haven’t seen that many other countries. Canada and Mexico, that’s about it. I hear Sweden is really great. Man, I’d move there in a second. Just don’t have the bucks.

Question

If they can put a man on the moon, why can’t they put a drinking fountain on the moon?

News You Can’t Use

One of those weird sulfur-breathing tube worms that live in the ocean floor wriggled out of its tube yesterday and began stirring up sediment. Observers say the move may signal an impending power grab. So far, details are sketchy.

A Plea For Sanity

In all the furor about salad spinners, has anyone thought to check with the lettuce?

Ask Uncle Trivia

Q: How did the swizzle stick get its name?

A: The “stick” part comes from the resemblance between the plastic stirring rod and an ordinary wooden stick. As for the “swizzle” part -- who knows?

My All-Time Basketball Dream Team

Forward -- Daryl Hannah

Forward -- Lori Singer

Center -- Lisa Bonet

Guard -- Vanity

Guard -- Amanda Pays

Alternate -- The blonde in the Pearl Drops commercial

Coach -- Traci Lords

Submissions Policy

Due to the tiny volume of mail we receive, we are able to acknowledge every submission with a heartfelt personal note, and occasionally even a gift.

Logrolling Corner

Hey, log-rollers! Here’s a deadly little maneuver, sent in by Garth Hornmaker of Olympia, Washington:

Forwards-backwards

Forwards, forwards

Backwards-backwards-backwards

Gets 'em every time!

Deep Thoughts

by Jack Handey

We like to praise birds for flying, but how much of it is actually flying, and how much of it is just sort of coasting from the previous flying?

Many people don't realize that large pieces of coral, which have been painted brown and attached to the skull by common wood screws, can make a child look like a deer.

Dad always thought laughter was the best medicine, which I guess was why several of us died of tuberculosis.

Too bad steak isn't considered a precious metal, because I'd like to go into a restaurant and order a steak and then pay for it with a steak. It would give everyone a chill because they would be thinking, "What kind of a world have we gone and created here?"

What if you get to heaven, and it's nothing but spiders. Spiders, everywhere. Finally, you see another person, but you turn him around in his revolving chair and see that he's covered with spiders! But then you wake up, and you realize, whew, it was all just a bad dream. But you look in the corner, and THERE'S A SPIDER PLAYING A HARP!! AGGGHHHHH!!!

Words To Live By

"Having people think you're dead isn't the best thing that can happen to you if you're an actor. I'm sure there are many directors who may have thought about me for a role, but just said, "No, he's dead."

Man Bites Dog

That's news. However, ruthless publicity seekers have been exploiting this important journalistic principle. Washed-up entertainers and struggling politicians are biting dogs at an alarming rate. Last week, amid popping flashbulbs, Sen. John Glenn (D-Ohio) tried to revive his VP prospects by repeatedly biting an unhappy Pomeranian. "He just kept biting me and biting me," the dog said later. "I felt like biting him!"

Most Adorable Company, 1988

Mail-Well Envelope Co., Denver's Largest Manufacturer of Quality Envelopes.

The Royal Visitor

When Prince Charles came to our house, his staff told us that he had decided to have a typical home-cooked American meal. My mom hadn't counted on this, so each of us had to whip up one all-american dish, quick-like. I chose an easy one—pork 'n' beans. But as I tossed the can in the trash, I started to feel a little guilty. After all, baked beans were pretty dull, even for us. I figured I should class them up a bit, so I removed the usual blob of pork fat and replaced it with a nice lean chunk of pork tenderloin, grilled to perfection.

We all huddled in the kitchen as the Prince dined alone. When he had finished the meal, and two cups of [????], his reaction was relayed to us by his personal secretary. He found the food "delightful." His only complaint was that the pork in the pork 'n' beans was a bit greasy.

I was furious. Ignoring everyone's pleas, I stormed into the dining room and confronted our "royal" visitor. I really let him have it.

"You've got a helluva nerve, buddy! You come into our house and start giving orders like you're the Queen of England or something. Who died and made you king? Awwwwwww, so the pork wasn't up to your "royal standards" -- boo-hoo! That's the saddest story ever told!

I got news for you, pal. Most people never even see any pork in their pork 'n' beans! The best they can hope for is a hunk of pork fat! So if 'Your Majesty' didn't find it "acceptable" that's just too damn bad. Because that's the best we have to offer, and we aren't about to apologize for it!"

The Prince was stunned. Clearly, no one had ever dared speak to him in this manner. For a moment, his jaw worked soundlessly in his crimson [???] Then he sprung out of his chair and got me in a headlock. I tried to bend his fingers back, but he was much stronger than I'd imagined. He tightened the grip on my windpipe until my head swam and I passed out.

When I came to, I was still in the headlock, only now the Prince was kneeing me in the face. Desperately, I grabbed at his hair, only to feel a stab of pain as his teeth sank into my thumb. I could feel myself starting to black out again. Why wasn't my family helping me? As I began to lose consciousness, the awful truth finally hit me.

He had bought them off with his enormous wealth!

Editor's Note

All "errors" in Army Man are, of course, intentional and represent an artistic choice.

Jobs

A job worth doing is worth doing. Right?

God's Gift to Women

I heard he's giving them spice racks this year.

Memories of Mac

My freshman roommate was a remarkable guy. The first week of school Mac and I drove out to a mixer at Wellesley. We had barely gotten in the door when Mac pulled me aside. "See that girl?" he said. I certainly did. She was a dark-haired beauty in a leather miniskirt, drinking a margarita out of a beer mug. "That's the girl I'm going to marry." Naturally, I laughed in his face.

On our way home, Mac was quiet. Clearly, the man was stricken. We stopped at a pancake house, where I noticed a cute waitress. I was about to point her out to Mac when he turned to me and whispered, "See that waitress? That's the girl I'm going to marry."

I was to hear that line countless times during the next four years. Rare was the woman Mac didn't vow to marry -- probably a thousand in all.

And the funny thing is, he did end up marrying around five hundred of them, so I guess you could say he was no different than the rest of us: part liar, part truth-man.

Pet Peeve

It always bugs me when a doctor uses a term like "vagina." C'mon, Doc. We all know what you mean. We're not idiots.

Silver Lining

Eighteen months ago, doctors at Mercy Hospital told Marty Hofstadter he would never walk again. Sadly, they were right. Hofstadter is still in a wheelchair. The good news is that his three doctors will receive the prestigious Landberg Prize for Diagnostic Excellence.

Suspense Theater

MAN

What do you think'll come down on us -- a curtain, or something unexpected like a metal grating?

WOMAN

I don't know.

(PAUSE)

I don't think we'll ever know.

(CURTAIN)

Crack

There's one thing to be said for crack: It sure does get you high!

Wacky Wedding Theater

If Thomas Edison married Elle Macpherson:

ELLE

Tom, you've been testing those filaments since six o'clock this morning! Come to bed, darling.

EDISON

Okay.

(CURTAIN)

On The Cover

Well, we don't really have a cover.

Deep Thoughts

by Jack Handey

Is there anything more beautiful than a beautiful, beautiful flamingo, flying across in front of a beautiful sunset? And he's carrying a beautiful rose in his beak, and also maybe he's carrying a beautiful painting with his feet. And also, you're drunk.

Maybe in order to understand mankind, we need to look at the word itself: "Mankind." Musically, it's made up of two separate words -- "mank" and "ind." What do these words mean? It's a mystery, and that's why so is mankind.

I'm not afraid of insects taking over the world, and you know why? It would take about a billion ants just to aim a gun at me, let alone fire it. And you know what I'm doing while they're aiming it at me? I just sort of slip off to the side, and then suddenly run up and kick the gun out of their hands!

If you're like me, you probably blame a lot of things on rubber bands. If there's bad news in the newspaper, you blame it on the rubber band which kept it rolled up. Or if you get your bank statement, and there's less money in your account than you thought you had, you blame it on the rubber band that holds the statement and the checks together.

Why do we do that?

It's easy to sit and scoff at an old man's belly. But also, check out his Adam's apple!

Is it possible to have too much happiness? In a way, I suppose that it is. No, wait. I'm going to change my mind and say no.

I think that the pioneering spirit is very much alive today. I see it in the faces of men wearing coonskin caps. I see it in the faces of people going west in covered wagons. And I see it in the faces of spiders, for some reason.

As I bit into the nectarine, it had a rich juiciness about it that was very pleasurable until I realized it wasn't a nectarine at all, but A HUMAN HEAD!!

To us, it might just look like a rag, flapping in the wind. But to the brave, embattled men of the fort, it was more than that. It was a flag of surrender. And after that, it was cut up and used for shoeshine rags, so the men would look nice for the surrender.

Wouldn't It Be Nice...

If just once we would elect a woman president who doesn't place her personal appearance ahead of the national interest?

To Note

I'd just like to note here that if all the ex-military "heroes" and football "quarterbacks" in Congress had kept their helmets on, our country would be run by a distinguished group of brilliant geniuses instead of the sorry bunch of head cases currently employed there.

Extra For Experts

Slowly come to believe that all life forms are self-serving and the universe inane, and build a shoe-box diorama illustrating these principles. Check with your parents before moldering anything valuable into the scene. You might like to replace the lid on the box so the whole scene is covered and truly pointless. Remember to leave airholes for living things, or don't. It really doesn't matter.

Great Works of Black Literature Whose Ghostwriters Were White

The Autobiography of Malcolm X by Malcolm X and Maury Allen

Invisible Man by Ralph Ellison with Peter Golenbock

The Color Purple, by Alice Walker as told to Mike Lupicia

Stuff by Mitchell Kriegman

Whenever something goes wrong these days, all you hear is "fix it with crazy glue." I've never understood this idea of "crazy glue." I mean, if it's crazy, it's unreliable. So I was thinking, what kind of glue could you really depend on? That's when I came up with the idea of "fear glue."

Yeah, danger is my assignment -- I get sent to places I can't even pronounce. They all spell the same thing, though -- trouble.

Jolly Comedy Jokes by John Swartzwelder

SOLDIER: Is it 1945 yet, sir?

MAJOR: No. Keep fighting.

SOLDIER: Yes sir.

...

MARLEY: Scrooooooge! Ebenezer Scrooooooge!

SCROOGE: Who's that?

MARLEY: In life I was your partner, Jacob Marley.

SCROOGE: What do you want?

MARLEY: To tell you you're doing a great job. Keep it up.

SCROOGE: Thanks, Marley.

(DOOR SLAM)

...

BUM: Hey mister, can you help me out with \$50 for a cup of coffee?

MAN: But a cup of coffee only costs 50¢.

BUM: Next you'll be telling me I'm not a bum!

...

CAPTAIN: I'm telling you, Sergeant, it's too dangerous!

SERGEANT: The men realize that, sir. But this is important to them. It will only take a few minutes, sir. The men just want a chance to celebrate the holiday.

CAPTAIN: Oh, all right. But make it quick. And watch out for the Jap patrols.

SERGEANT: Thank you, sir. OK, men! Go ahead!

FIVE OR TEN SOLDIERS: Trick or treat! Trick or treat!

...

DISGRUNTLED MAN AT BREAKFAST: They can kill the Kennedys. Why can't they make a cup of coffee that tastes good?

Prank of the Week

Go into a store, and look around for a few minutes. When a clerk asks, "Can I help you find something?" say, "Uh, yes, where do you keep your quality merchandise?" The clerk will ask you what you mean. Then say, "You know — your well-made items. Where would those be?" Keep scanning the aisles with a perplexed frown.

Now, is this really a prank? To be honest, I don't know. Maybe it would be a prank if you did it, and then ran.

Can't-Draw Comics

Okay. Here it is. The caption says "Honorarium." And it's like an aquarium, only it has little trophies and plaques swimming around. Can't you just picture it? I hope so, because otherwise I'm in deep trouble.

Despair

The sour smell of despair hung over the old rooming house: the stale, musty smell of sad, defeated cigars and cheap urine.

Semper Fido

They taught a dog to catch nuclear weapons in its mouth. It took a lot of training, but it seemed like the way to avoid both computer error and stoned human recklessness. She got so adept at fielding them on the fly that people took to firing off nuclear weapons thoughtlessly, just to show their pique, since they knew in their hearts Duchess would catch them. They wanted credit for the gesture. The earth had a kind of peace for about a decade, but of course the time came, stomach cancer, something from the casings on the bombs, and Duchess died. You would have thought someone would have trained another dog to catch nuclear weapons in its mouth, but it was a careless era, and now people were in the habit of loosing the missiles. Did the earth survive? You can find the answer at your local library.

???

Ladies, here's an interesting twist on a worn-out old tradition. We all know that it's important for a meal to be as pleasing to the eye as to the palate. But when it comes to adding that final garnish, why put something on the plate that you know will be thrown away? Instead, why not add a garnish that has ALREADY been thrown away? Razor blades can be interesting and dramatic. How about velvety Kleenex, or shiny tin foil, or crisp, crinkly newspaper? The possibilities are ENDLESS.....You know, one of the pitfalls of being an Army wife can be the unusual amount of free time we face. Take a hint from one who knows—a giant tumbler of gin before and after lunch can get to be almost like a dear old friendship. I read where scientists are developing the ability to transplant the head of a monkey onto a human body. As if that isn't ALL we need, right ladies? Thank God for Retin-A.....SO MUCH FOR NATURE DEPT: I read where the male stickleback fish builds his family a home by carrying one stone at a time in his mouth. Take it from me, ladies -- my husband tried this stunt when we redid the rec room, and it seemed to take FOREVER!!!!.....But on a lighter note, the female eel travels 1500 miles over land and sea to mate. And to think I used to whine about having to drive into town!WORD TO THE WISE -- An 8-pack of those little canned cocktails at three in the afternoon can really give the spirit a special boost.....makes you relax. We all need to relax. Life's too long to be tense 24 hours a day, ladies. You know, I was a hooker for a while, before I was married. I don't usually talk about this...But the old low self-esteem thing did me in. I used to fuck a guy, then feel guilty and offer to wash his car.....Speaking of low self-esteem, there's a spider that survives by camouflaging itself as BIRDSHIT. There but for fortune go we all, right ladies? Although I think that camouflage thing is a great idea. I never get more done than when I hang around my neighborhood in my little stucco dress with....[cut off] ...whenever you get one of those shopping carts one

of the wheels will always...aw, like you give a fuck about me. Fuck you all. Maybe Larry Mr. Fucking Wonderful King will share that with you in his big fancy column sometime. Go ahead. Go to him. See if I give a fuck.

Dialogue by John Swartzwelder

"You know what they say: Inside each and ever' one of us there's a skeleton tryin' to get out."

...

"Look, I'll say the words slowly so you can understand them.

How...much...do...you...want...for....this...shrine?"

...

"Well, I guess we better get going. Do you have the car keys, honey?"

"I gave them to the Three Stooges!"

"Oh, no!"

...

"So Admiral Dewey says to me, he says, "Jack, I'm Admiral Dewey, and I'm talking to you personally."

....

"A stork so much as kisses my wife, and I'll blow his head off."

...

"Why is the grass green, Dad?"

"I painted it green."

"Why do birds fly south?"

"I told them to."

...

"Oh, three against one, eh? Why not make it five against one?"

(Pause)

Oh, ten against one, eh?"

...

"I refuse to eat human flesh. Just bring me a salad or something."

...

"I know this won't make much sense to you, but wobbe nubba nuk nuk nuk."

...

"He came at me with a knife. Luckily, I'm a Blood-Sucking Fiend From Beyond The Grave."

...

"I didn't have the heart to tell him I didn't like his idea, so I just spit in his face and broke one of his dog's legs."

...

"Ten dollars! Think of it! Security for you and your family for the rest of your lives!"

...

"I'm not strong enough to end it all, so I guess I'll just kill myself."

Ida Says...

Am I crazy, or does somebody else find these "Valley Girls" difficult to understand?

If their girls talk this way, I can only imagine what a "Valley Boy" would sound like!

If my son Craig were a "Valley Boy," he's probably take the trash out talking like this:

"Hey, man, where the garbage can? What th- How'd these maggots get in here? Mom, quick, get the bug spray! Jesus!! I've never seen so many maggots!"

Children are a sorry burden.

...

Did you know that every time you ring a doorbell, you use enough electricity to give a Bolivian boy a mild shock?

Artists

Artists starve because they forget the law of supply and demand. The answer is simple: Paint only one painting per lifetime. It doesn't even have to be very good. Demand will be small, but supply will be almost nonexistent (one). Therefore, it should fetch an astronomical price.

Of course, many well-known artists did not do this. Picasso created so many works that he painted himself into a corner. He was forced to compensate for the mountainous supply with generous blasts of skill, inspired composition, technical virtuosity, utter mastery of a dozen styles and media—those were the hellish demands of his Faustian bargain.

Don't you make the same mistake.

Chapter 11 Filings

Best-Way Crutch Repair

The Pink Pork Chop

?????

Hands-Off Day Care Centers

?????

Tommy's Resume Service

Country Pride Software Co.

Nite-Owl Skywriting Co.

MasterBlend Oxygen Supply

Merle Haggard

We used to love Mere Haggard, until he went into his country phase.

New Names for the Armed Services

<u>Old</u>	<u>New</u>
THE ARMY.....	DEATHFORCE 9000
THE NAVY.....	SEA DEMONS
THE AIR FORCE.....	SKYRYDERS
THE MARINES.....	ASSAULT TEAM ???
THE DELTA FORCE.....	THE OMEGA FORCE
THE COAST GUARD.....	THE MARINES

Joe and Moe in "TOURETTE FRET"

JOE: Hey Moe I think you might have Tourette's Syndrome. Why not see a doctor and get some treatment.

MOE: Fuck you, Joe.

Joe and Moe in "FOOD FEUD"

JOE: Sorry Moe I was way out of line with that Tourette's remark. Can I buy you lunch.

MOE: Sure why not.

JOE: How about Chinese.

MOE: Fuck you.

JOE: Sorry I forgot you hate Chinese how about Mexican.

MOE: That would be fine Joe.

LONG PAUSE]

Fuck you.

Next Time: "The Short-tempered Waiter"

The Economy

Christmas sales for 1989 will be so low that we can already predict them now, Treasury Secretary Nicholas Brady reported last week.

Sluggish sales on the day after Thanksgiving will kick off a lackluster shopping season, and on Christmas Eve only three last-minute shoppers will be spotted nationwide. In addition, a pine blight will kill off most of the nation's Christmas trees, and all the ornaments will break when a giant steps on them.

"It's the worst Christmas we'll ever have had," Brady sobbed.

CLASSICS OF WORLD LITERATURE RATED ON A SCALE OF ONE TO TWO

Madame Bovary	2
The Charterhouse of Parma	1
????	1
Moby Dick	2
Pride and Prejudice	1
Death in Venice	1

A Declaration

I submit to you that from now on we refer to "allergy sufferers" as "them."

SOMETHING MY GRANDMOTHER USED TO SAY BEFORE WE STOPPED VISITING HER ALTOGETHER

Find a twig,
Pick it up,
All day long
You'll have good luck.

JOLLY COMEDY JOKES by John Swartzwelder

BRIDE: (QUIETLY, TEARFUL): Ladies and gentlemen...I'm afraid there won't be a wedding after all. Because, you see...my fiance has....has died.

HECKLER FROM BACK PEW: Louder!

BRIDE: (LOUDER, ALMOST HYSTERICAL) My fiance has died!

ANOTHER HECKLER: Funnier!

1ST ALIEN: (SMOKING): We do not fear death as you do, Earthmen. That is why we must triumph. We do not fear having our bodies torn to pieces, our brains destroyed, or....

2ND ALIEN: (LOW, URGENT) Hey, shut up!

TV Titles for Shakespeare Plays

The Tempest...Caliban's Island

Macbeth...MacDeath: Blood King of Scotland

The Taming of the Shrew...Anatomy of a Seduction

Hamlet...Hickory Dickory Murder

Henry IV Part II...Henry IV: The Story Continues

God

Believe in God -- 10,000 New Yorkers can't be wrong.

Pet Peeve

If there's one thing that really honks me off, it's the hopelessness and futility of the human condition.

The Earthquake in Armenia

The earthquake in Armenia was a horrible, horrible tragedy. But there was a brighter side that most of the news reports overlooked. For about fifteen seconds, bowling scores in the area increased dramatically.

Science Report

Scientists have discovered a dog who has the brain of a cat. He growls when you try to take it away from him.

Superman

If there really was a Superman, for every person saying “Thanks, Superman!” there’d be a million asking “Where the hell is Superman?”

My Ideal Woman

I want to describe for you my Ideal Woman. My Ideal Woman has slim hips, powerful thighs, sinewy calves, a narrow waist, a flat stomach with taut lines of muscle, a broad, powerful chest, wide shoulders, bulging biceps, jack-hammer-like forearms, a bull-like neck, and a drooping, veined pecker with a livid, velvety fire-helmet top—an opalescent drop of pre-cum winking at the droop-lipped meatus slit—and two pendulous balls heavy with hot bloatum. Call me a dreamer, if you will, but I believe my Ideal Woman is out there, somewhere, and I’m not going to stop looking until I find her.

--Ian Frazier

DEEP THOUGHTS

by Jack Handey

What is it that makes a complete stranger dive into an icy river to try to save a solid-gold baby? Maybe we’ll never know.

If I ever opened a trampoline store, I don’t think I’d call it Trampo-Land, because you might think it was a store for tramps, which is not the impression we are trying to convey with our store.

On the other hand, we would not prohibit tramps from browsing, or testing the trampolines, unless a tramp’s gyrations seemed to be getting out of control.

Instead of trying to build newer and bigger weapons of destruction, mankind should be thinking about getting more use out of the weapons we already have.

One of the bad things about moving to another planet would be, what if they had a weird, creepy-looking Santa Claus there with weird tubes coming out of his head and stuff?

If you ever take a course on sharks, don’t think just because they haven’t gotten to the hammerhead yet they’re going to skip it. No, it’s coming up, my friend, you can be sure of that.

In weightlifting, I don’t think sudden, uncontrolled urination should automatically disqualify you.

Fair Warning

Any woman who marries me better be ready for some fuckin’.

Proverb

There’s more than one way to let a skinned cat out of the bag.

Crime Corner

The reason serial killers are caught is that they can’t resist taunting the police by leaving little clues to their identity. That’s a mistake I’m not going to make.

--Ian Maxtone-Graham

The Last Piece of Text in the Last Issue of Army Man

SUBSCRIBE, YOU FAGGOTS!